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## FOR WOMAN.

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### AUSTRIA.

#### SUMMER EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. C. E. SCHAUFFLER.

ON going to the country, last summer, I sought out some young ladies, as I usually have done, to come, one or two at a time, and get a little freshened up for the next year's work. The two teachers from Krabslies give us more joy every year by what we see in them of consecration and zeal, and what they tell us of the scholars who are being trained to bring light and life to many homes in Bohemia and Moravia.

I wrote, last year, some account of the daughter of a country pastor in Moravia. She was converted, I hope, in the meetings in Brünn, and visited us last summer, anxiously inquiring the way to carry on a Sunday School. She had never seen one; but, with the instructions we could give her, and with the help of her sister, she began one in her father's parish. This unheard-of innovation awakened persecution, and the girls have had to contend with many difficulties. They have kept bravely on, however, and now, after their home school, they walk every Sunday an hour's distance to another village, and hold a second Sunday School, which is even more successful. The effect on the girls themselves is wonderful. The first one was so changed by her experience in Brünn, that the second begged an invitation to our house, in order to obtain what her sister had found.

Oh! what a revelation that visit was to me of the truth of the figure of "the blind leaders of the blind" — the pastor's wife, a worldly woman, taking the name of God in vain, in spite of the repeated protestations of her daughters — he himself preaching without feeling, and in his congregation not one soul whom they could hope had been born again, after a pastorate of thirty years! Indeed, there was evidently a question in the daughter's mind what the father knew about the matter himself. Then, to think of the home life of the family — a kiss or an embrace a thing unknown; an apology from children to parents unheard-of; no family prayers, till the girls began and carried them on; no blessing at the table. No wonder the girls shrank from calling on their Sunday School pupils to lead earnest Christian lives. "How can we, when they know our lives till now?" they said, aghast. I think that, by the grace of God, that family will all be made over again. Will not all our friends in America pray most earnestly to that effect?

Going to the small village (Kiritem), this summer, for much-needed rest, I found it a very busy season, so far as outside work is concerned. It has been our universal experience, that, as soon as the people find out who we are, friendliness ceases, and enmity begins. There were very poor people there; but the butcher, the baker and all the rest of the people would suddenly have no dealings with us. We could scarcely procure meat, butter, milk, berries, or any of the things so plentiful. I am sorry to say, that, at this stage of affairs, I have usually to be reminded for whom we are to bear even these minor trials; for, with a large family to provide for, a mother, under such circumstances, is in danger of becoming a veritable Martha. It would seem that my oft-repeated experiences in this line should have accustomed me to this state of things.

Just at this juncture, last summer, an accident happened to our nearest neighbor — a poor, hard-working carpenter. In preparing varnish for a coffin, it caught fire in some way, and the poor man drenched both arms, even above the elbows, with the boiling, burning liquid. His cries of agony called me thither; and there was no one but myself to bind up his wounds, clear the room of the screaming, curious crowd, and soothe the distracted family, of whose language (Bohemian) I scarcely understood a word. I sent for the village doctor, who came in, and gave us all a scolding for not having done the right thing, telling the writhing man and his weeping wife and children that all hope of his life had gone, and all remedies were useless. I urged him to do something; and, with difficulty, persuaded him to give me a little assistance. As soon as Mr. Schaufler returned from Brünn, he sent for a doctor

several miles away, who treated the case very successfully — begging me to do the work, however, as he could not come even so often as once a week. There was scarcely a day, with the exception of one week, when I was confined to my bed, that I did not go there — often several times in the day. During this time a little son made his appearance in their family.

This poor father and mother had great need that some one should tell them the joyful news of hope beyond the grave, and the pitying love of Him who “bore our griefs and carried our sorrows.” They listened like starving people while Mr. Schaufler preached by the bedside of the sufferer; and for my preaching, done with my hands, — for only the man could understand German, and he poorly, — they have shown unbounded gratitude. People came to see how I managed, and asked why I did it.

One day a great man lounged in, and after watching awhile, he said: —

“It is a question who should be paid, you or the doctor.”

“Oh, I am paid already,” I answered.

“How?”

“He from love to whom I do these things sees that I am abundantly repaid.”

“Ugh! Some of us folks don’t believe such things,” said he.

“Yes,” I answered; “they are more to be pitied than any other people.”

At this remark he left; and I afterward found that he was the keeper of the priest’s forests.

But there was a great revulsion of feeling in the village; friendliness itself, from that time, beamed in every face. Every man, woman and child greeted us, brought us things, and spread the news about the Protestants who care for their neighbors.

About this time, also, a fire broke out, which afforded an opportunity for showing our temperance ideas. When the men were all tired out, and I knew that every one who had a kreutzer would go to the tavern, I prepared coffee and distributed among them, to prevent their tipping; and this interest, expressed in a way they could understand, touched them. One hard drinker promised to give up drinking if his master would pay him in money, instead of with “schnapps” and brandy. Mr. Schaufler and I went to the old hardened tavern-keeper, and labored long to persuade him to promise, — which he did, at last, unwillingly, for a week, in consideration of the stand he had taken. He did not keep his promise, but gave beer instead of brandy. The poor drinker, however, looked like a different man after he found some one cared for him, and only once forgot his promise; that was when he had “trouble in his family,” the neighbors said.

I must hurriedly speak of one pleasant experience of this wonderfully full summer. One evening when I went to attend my poor patient, I found two plainly-dressed young ladies there, who proved to be baronesses, daughters of a countess, who was spending the summer in the village. When they called on me, soon after, I found them as intelligent and agreeable, as they were simple and unpretending. As they spoke English, I advised them to read the Bible. "That is impossible for us," they said; "our church has forbidden it." I have always heard that the nobility were more obedient to their church and their priests than the rest of the people; and I found it so in this case. They would prefer not to read a book containing referenes to the Bible; and if you ask them the reason for their belief and practice, they give the same old answer, "Because our church commands it."

The curiosity of one of the baronesses is greatly aroused, and she intends asking her father-confessor for permission to read the Bible. As he is one who has aided and abetted in our persecutions, we can judge of the probability of her obtaining his consent. Yet she is a lady who enjoys reading the English Reform Bill, and is interested in English politics. They believe in infallibility, and are very religious in their way; but dinner-parties on Sunday are nothing out of place in their estimation of a Christiau's duties. They wish to continue our pleasant intercourse in town; but I fear they will not find it in keeping with their church's command to associate with such dangerous heretics as we are.

Our friends in America must see how much need there is for never-flagging prayer for me, that I may have wisdom to so act and speak to high and low, that they may take knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus. I hope there is not one who will refuse to pray alone or with others for this ever-growing, ever-needy work.

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## TURKEY.

### THE STORY OF MARTA.

BY MISS H. G. POWERS, OF MANISA.

"Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary."

So sings the poet; and so, alas, says truth—harsh, prosaic truth. Yet one can well afford to smile and be light-hearted, when the rain and dreariness are qualified, as in the familiar lines. How much more can we rejoice when the stormy morning ends in the calm, golden light of a sun-setting which is the portal of a cloudless, rainless day!



When I first saw Marta, she was dressed in rags, like all the children in her village. Her hair was scant, and rather short; but the longer ends were drawn tightly into a heavy fringe of black cotton, which hung down her back, while the short hairs, unsubdued by comb or brush, bristled over her head in the direst confusion. She was very shy, but thirst for knowledge, that divine seed which sometimes brings forth such glorious blossoms and fruit, was planted within her in her very cradle, growing with every year of her life, and asserting itself in spite of her natural shrinking. She would wring her hands and tremble, in her recitations, but was never absent, unless her mother absolutely needed her. Her family was very poor, in a community of poor people, and her parents were quite unable to furnish her with necessary books; but she earned most of them by picking blackberries before school, in the morning.

Marta's mother was the mere shadow of a woman; and one day we learned that the weariness and hardships of life had ceased for her, and others must care for the little flock that she had tended—other shoulders must bear the water-jug and the wood.

I was away at the time, but when I returned I found Marta just as eager as ever, but hampered by the children. Sometimes she would come with the baby in her arms, and the one next older toddling by her side, and try to snatch a few moments for reading.

Some time afterward I took several girls as boarders, and Marta was among them. During vacation she was examined for admission to the church; but she seemed so ignorant, it was thought best that she should wait a little. The confinement of school-life did not agree with her, and she was obliged to return to her native village. For months she suffered much from weakness, with occasional attacks of fever; but what was so detrimental to her outer life, became a hot-bed for the seeds of spirituality sown long before. When she again applied for church-membership, she was gladly received as one whom the Spirit had been teaching.

Soon after, her father and step-mother betrothed her to a son of one of the chief men in the village. The parents on both sides desired it, and Marta was too gentle and obedient to oppose their wishes. The bridegroom's parents and he himself wished it, because he was blind, and none but the lowest would marry him; yet here was a girl who could be eyes for him, and yet feel greatly honored by her advancement in society. Her parents thought of position and money, not once of the poor girl's heart. So she went from her father's house—like so many, alas—an unloved and unloving bride. There were already two *gelines* (daughters-in-law) in the house, and one or two granddaughters old enough to be married—

all impressed with their superiority over Marta. There three unhappy years went by on leaden wings, bringing hard work, unkindness, illness, and a tiny little daughter. Poor little girl! one could wish that she might be speedily gathered with the many other little lambs in the heavenly fold.

And what of the young husband? His wife was quite too quiet and gentle to make any progress against the Amazons by whom she was surrounded; and he soon came to estimate her as they did, and despise her, because she could not carry as much wood as they, nor talk so loud. Long before his marriage he had been fond of bad company, and his character did not change, as it was hoped it would. He went on from bad to worse, and there was not one in the house to speak a kind word to the poor young wife, or to take pride in the puny little girl, who ought to have been a boy.

One day her husband went to another village, for a revel with some wild young fellows. He started for home half intoxicated, lost his way, and could not collect his senses sufficiently to find the road. After wandering about a while he made a misstep, lost his footing, and rolled down a hillside, landing at the bottom of a ravine, bruised and frightened. Thoroughly sobered and helpless, he passed a very solemn night, with only his accusing conscience for company. He felt God's terrible eye upon him, and the terrors of the future crowded upon him as never before. No one missed him at home—as he was too often gone in this way for his absence to excite alarm—until about noon the next day. Then his brothers went in search of him, found him late in the evening, and brought him home. His wife's joy at his safe return seemed to soften him, and from that time he seemed in some slight measure to be her protector and friend. At times he was willing to hear her read, would listen to her advice, and cared less for his old companions. Marta prayed most earnestly that the change might be radical and permanent; her prayers were not in vain, and at last the day came when they together partook of the bread and wine that commemorate a Saviour's dying love.

The light had broken through the heavy clouds at last, and if Marta could have lived alone with her husband, she would have felt her cup of blessing full. But how could one have any peace in such an over-grown, uncongenial household—four married couples with their children, besides the old father and mother! Who can describe the bickerings, the jealousies, the confusion, the heart-aches. Once they did venture to propose a separation; but it raised such a storm of opposition and abuse, that they were obliged to relinquish the hope as long as the old father and mother should live. It is considered the greatest disrespect for the sons to leave the household while the parents live.

The following summer Marta, with one of her sisters-in-law, went to keep a vineyard a number of miles from the village, and while there she was taken with fever, which soon brought on delirium. Her husband and the village doctor were sent for; but God had better things in store for her than their utmost love and skill could furnish. One night as the moon rose and lighted up the little booth that had sheltered the women from the sun by day, and the dew by night, the end came; and the patient, womanly soul went up to the quiet habitations not made with hands. Before the next evening the weary hands and feet were laid in their last resting-place, and rough stones heaped up to mark the mound of earth.

“ And after fleshly scandal,  
 And after this world's night,  
 And after storm and whirlwind,  
 Is calm, and joy, and light.”

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## Young People's Department.

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### A TRUE STORY FROM SPAIN.

ABOUT a year ago a peasant living in *Cijuela*, in the province of Andalusia, found among some very old books which, perhaps, had belonged to his grandfather, one which so attracted him by its title, that he read it.

The scene of the story was laid in the times of the decline of the Roman Empire, when the tribes of the North of Spain scattered themselves over the Peninsula, and the Vandals invaded Andalusia.

According to the story there lived at that time, in the village of Pinos-Prente, in Andalusia, a Roman nobleman. He had a magnificent palace, sumptuously furnished with the most rare and precious objects the imagination can create. He was also lord of many villages, and, therefore, had a large number of persons at his command.

When he learned that the Vandals were near, fearing that his great riches would fall into their hands, and give them greater power against the Romans, he called together his servants, and commanded them to bury the palace and all that it contained. This they did; and, as a result of the heaped-up earth, there appeared an isolated, round hill, to which was given the name of the “Hill of the Infantas” (*Cerro de las Infantas*).

As this is the name by which a small hill of Pinos-Prente is known at this day, the peasant supposed he had been reading an historical fact. He therefore went to some of his most intimate friends, told them what he had read, and pointed out to them the "Hill of the Infantas."

Sharing in his convictions of the truth of the story, they began to make excavations, in order to find the palace, with its immense riches, obtaining permission from the government, under the pretext of seeking mineral.

As the first fruit of their labor, they unearthed some Roman coins; and this encouraged them to continue the work with an ever-increasing ardor.

But, while absorbed in the work, there appeared to them a man with a long beard, who told them he was a messenger from God, sent to their aid. He said that in order to discover the marvelous palace, in whose door there stood a king of solid gold, it was only necessary for them to follow his instructions: to pray much; have many processions; and order many masses performed.

After a time the "*Virgen del Carmen*" would appear on the hill, which would then miraculously open, and disclose the hidden palace. After the appearance of this mysterious man, the little company of deluded persons rapidly grew in numbers—not only of those living in Pinos-Prente, but from almost all the villages of the plain, and even from Granada, three leagues distant.

Others also appeared among the impostors: a "*zahoré*," or wise child, and six *Marias*; the former belonging to the village of Pinos-Prente, and the latter being young girls from as many distinct villages. These gave the order of the day, appointing the hours of prayer, the times of the processions, etc.; and they foretold, with wonderful accuracy, the miracles which would take place on the hill.

Then began the processions, which continued day and night, and the apparition of mysterious lights. Nothing else was done by the people; all work ceased, and their minds were filled with these scenes. Especially was this the case, when, after a little, the "*Virgen del Carmen*" appeared on the hill! From that moment, not enthusiasm, but delirium, possessed them. Those who had not already done so now abandoned work in the fields; others sold their small farms, and some even the houses in which they were born, to raise money to pay for the masses and the candles of the continuous processions around the hill.

The money thus collected from the little company reached a sum of not less than one thousand dollars a month.

Some of the scenes enacted seem to be incredible of men in

their senses. One of them, related in *El Universal*, of Granada, and copied in *La Luz*, of Madrid, is as follows: On Holy Thursday was performed the ceremony of washing the feet of the "twelve apostles," who also pertained to the company of the "man with the long beard;" then the *zahoré* said:—

"Drink this water, which has served to wash the feet of the apostles." And the water was drunk with great satisfaction and pleasure by all.

"Bring me all the hens you can find in your barn-yards, and let us sacrifice them to the spirits, that they may aid us in our enterprise."

The hens were beheaded, and their blood sprinkled upon a bonfire; the "man with the long beard" at the same time pronouncing mysterious words and violently gesticulating.

Finally, such was the frenzy and fanaticism, and to such an extent had the deluded farmers been ruined by it, that the *alcalde* (mayor) went to the governor of the province, telling him that no one would work; that everybody's thoughts were only in masses and processions; and that great wretchedness would come upon them while they were waiting for the opening of the hill.

The governor sent an order to the *alcalde* to prohibit the continuation of such scenes.

The *alcalde* sent an officer of the body of Civil Guards, with a companion, to carry the order to the "man of the long beard." The officer explained his presence as resulting simply from his duty to bring an order from the governor—that he personally did not come to interrupt the exercises, etc.

Hardly had he finished speaking, when a voice was heard, "Kill the heretics who come to take away from us our prosperity;" and the man fell dead, pierced by bullets, and horribly mutilated by knives. The other guard, a good young man, well-known to the Protestant pastor of Granada, was wounded.

From that moment the "man of the long beard" disappeared—or, rather, the "long beard" disappeared, with the accompanying disguise.

The authorities are looking into the matter; but it will be difficult to undo all the evil which has resulted from this chapter of credulity and superstition; and it is possible that, even yet, there are those who will resist any attempt to disabuse them of their belief in the hidden treasures of the "Hill of the Infantas."

*Adapted by* ALICE GORDON GULICK.

## A PAPER FESTIVAL.

A FRIEND sends us the following account of a paper festival, that may be suggestive to our younger readers. She writes:—

“I must tell you a little about our Paper Festival. We saw from the LIFE AND LIGHT, that there had been such a thing in Illinois, and that was all we knew about it; but by putting several youthful heads together, we managed to have a pleasant and profitable time.

“Look with me into the church parlors at eight o’clock in the evening: Festoons of paper, and ribbons of all colors are brilliant in the gas-light, and the pillars are concealed by alternate paper puffs. Have you ever tried to see what you could do with tissue-paper? If not, try it. On one side of the room is a commission-table, filled with albums and beautiful stationery of all kinds. Back of this is a unique post-office, in the shape of a cone made of light blue and pink tissue. Flowers are arranged on the platform in a gypsy kettle—poles and kettle and platform covered with pea-green paper. On the other side stands a fancy table, with festoons of white and blue tissue trimmed with corresponding shades of paper fringe and rosettes. On the table were real dolls, dressed in paper costumes; paper dolls and furniture, shaving-books, lamp-lighter holders, shelf-paper, baskets, pictures in water-colors, and various other articles made and given by the young ladies and children. For refreshments, there are ice-cream, cake and coffee. The waiter-girls flit about in white dresses, and white paper caps with long ends. The bills of fare are white bristol-board, pinked on the edge and written by the girls. All who tend the tables have paper costumes of some kind, vest-fronts, neck-ties and a variety of head-gear. Six little girls wear old ladies’ caps, made of white and trimmed with red and blue tissue.

“What does all this amount to? A great deal, we hope: God knows. We have sent thirty-five dollars to the treasurer of the Woman’s Board, and hope to send fifty more in a few months, as we have twenty dollars in our treasury. We are educating a girl in Marsovan; and sometime we want to send out a real live missionary—perhaps from our own mission-circle.”

“LAWRENCE, MASS.”

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 TO GIVE IS TO LIVE.

Forever the sun is pouring his gold  
 On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;  
 His warmth he squanders on summits cold,  
 His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.

To withhold his largess of precious light  
Is to bury himself in eternal night:

To give  
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all;  
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;  
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,  
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.  
No choice for the rose but glory or doom —  
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom:

To deny  
Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rain to the land —  
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;  
The heart sends blood to the brain of command —  
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;  
And ever and ever we yield our breath,  
Till the mirror is dry, and images death:

To live  
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide  
To help the need of a human brother;  
He doubles the length of his life-long ride  
Who gives his fortunate place to another;  
And a thousand million lives are his  
Who carries the world in his sympathies:

To deny  
Is to die.

Throw gold to the far dispersing wave,  
And your ships shall sail home with tons of treasure;  
Care not for comfort, all hardships brave,  
And evening and age shall sup with pleasure;  
Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain,  
And roses shall come to the cheek again:

To give  
Is to live.

What is our life? Is it wealth and strength?  
If we, for the Master's sake, will lose it  
We shall find it a hundred-fold at length,  
While they shall forever lose who refuse it;  
And nations that save their union and peace  
At the cost of right, their woes shall increase:

They save  
A grave.

# Our Work at Home.

## THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE.

BY MRS. S. BRAINERD PRATT.

IN an old book, revered beyond all others, we read a story that runs in this wise:—

“A certain nobleman went into a far country, to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return. And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, ‘Occupy till I come.’”

You all know the ending—the pound which, by wise using, had increased fourfold; the neglected pound, carefully laid away in a napkin, returned with no increase. ’Tis an old story—but ever new: for still, year after year, the Lord who yet waits to receive His Kingdom, is delivering to every servant of His a gift, saying, “Occupy till I come;” and to each one of us who wait for his appearing, the most vital question on earth is, What am I doing with my gifts? The needs of the world change with the passing centuries. There was a time when all the women that were wise-hearted “did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue and of purple and of scarlet and of fine linen:” when “as many as were willing-hearted, brought bracelets and earrings and rings and tablets, all jewels of gold, and offered an offering to the Lord:” and their work and their gold and their willing-hearts were accepted by the God of their fathers. It was their gift for Him. There was an age when the Lord called his beloved to walk through the fires of martyrdom for His sake: and women and children, for love of Him, shrank not from facing wild beasts in the arena, from loathsome dungeons, from the fiery stakes, from exile, and the loss of all things. The martyr’s robe was their gift for the King, and right loyally did they occupy it. “Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in his temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.”

There was an age of rapt devotion, and from cloistered cell and home fireside, women of meek and quiet spirit chanted praise and prayer: and the Lord hearkened and heard it. It was their gift for Him.

There was a time, yet fresh in the hearts of many of us, when



God called the women of this country to follow, with helpful ministries, behind the blood-red banners of the battle-field; and we surely do not forget the enthusiasm with which they responded. How the click of the knitting-needles and the whirl of sewing-machines kept pace with the boom of the cannon and the rattle of musketry; how women who had known only luxury, spent days and nights in the hospital, binding up ghastly wounds, cooling fevered pillows, doing homeliest ministries, sometimes, perhaps, for love of country only, but oftener, surely, for love of Him who gave the country. To-day we are living emphatically in an age of missionary spirit; and the word given to every man, woman and child who loves the coming King and His kingdom is, "Make straight in the desert a highway for our God." In this great missionary army which He has called into the field, there are diversities of gifts, since there are many and different kinds of work to do; but, "to every man his work," and to every one the gift that shall fit him for it. "Stir up the gift that is in *thee*," for, you may be sure, you have one. Find out what it is, and use it for Him who gave it. To some is given the power of leadership, of organizing and planning for others, an unconscious possession, perhaps, until the press of circumstances or the constraining love of Christ stirs up the gift that is in them. We have all seen, with surprise, the sudden growth of this power where it was little suspected; for in this hurrying age, when steam is man's servant and the lightning his plaything, it seems as if God developed souls and fitted them for their work with marvelous rapidity. The gift of wealth is, perhaps, that which is bestowed on you to hold for the Master—a precious boon, so it is held for Him. If the gold and the silver be put at exchange, and turned into Bibles and churches and schools-houses and missionary teachers, the hour is coming when you can say, "Behold, Lord, the fortune thou gavest me has gained many precious souls for thee," and those with them shall enter into the joy of the Lord. Perhaps yours is the gift of enthusiasm—a magnetic power of influencing others; thankfully use it in the service of the King; inspire others with it; bring in new recruits to the army: it is a fire that will kindle new fires in other hearts. Some one has said, "It is better to set ten men at work, than to do the work of ten men."

You may hold the pen of a ready writer; shake the napkin, if this gift is folded away there. You would rather hide it; but the blessing is not promised to the hidden, but to the used, talent.

A gracious presence and a power of winning hearts may be your gift. Win them for your Master and his work as well as for yourself.

A power of interesting the little ones is, perhaps, the gift that is in thee. Stir it up in His service who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Gather them into mission circles, and train them early in Christ's work. But you say you have no special gift — you cannot lead, nor speak, nor write, nor interest children, nor improve others — you can only be a common soldier in the army. Be not too sure. Many a gift lies dormant, waiting only for the stirring up; and people often surprise themselves and others by finding out what they can do if they try.

Many a timid woman has felt that it would be easier to meet the hungry lions in the arena, and be "butchered to make a Roman holiday," than to stand upon a platform, and face hundreds of up-turned eyes and listening ears, who yet has done it. But suppose it to be true that you can only be a common soldier. Only a soldier! only one of the soldiers who fight the battles, who stand fast when the fire is hottest; who march shoulder to shoulder when the leader commands; who stand bravely at the lonely picket; who endure hardships, and fall joyfully into unknown graves, if the cry of victory is in their ears. Glory enough for any of us if we can be only soldiers under such a leader as the Captain of our Salvation.

But your hands are so full of home-duties, that you have no time for this missionary work in which the church is engaged. Thank God, who setteth the solitary in families, that most of us have homes where our life-work is to be done. By all means, let us fill them with sunshine and gladness, making them to the children fit types of the Father's home above; but can we not let a part of our sunshine send its rays to those who sit in darkness — give something of our joy to the homeless? "No gifts!" Oh, mothers of little children! God has given you the sweetest of earthly gifts. Be it yours to teach these little ones that they are a part of His great family — that they have brothers and sisters at their own doors, and far away, whom they can love and help. Widen their sympathies, till they take in all the world. But you are an invalid — poor, it may be, and alone — you can do nothing. If you had a rich friend, to whose purse you were welcome, whom you could interest in this work, you would not urge this plea. Have you not a Friend, infinitely rich, already interested in this work far beyond our power to conceive — one who says, "Ask, and ye shall receive?" Be yours the priceless gift of prayer; and let your sick-room be the unseen, unknown fountain from which shall flow many a life-giving stream that shall gladden the waste places. Or, the sands of your life may be almost run; and, as you look back over lost opportunities, you may think sorrowfully of the good you might have done. Even at the eleventh hour the Lord came into the

market-place, and gave the lingerers work to do for Him. If He has helped you with money, cannot you now take your pen and write quickly, giving back as a legacy something that shall work for you long after you are gone?

But besides our prayers, our money, our enthusiasm, our work with tongue or pen, we cannot forget there is another gift required, more costly than all. From the weary but joyful workers abroad we hear the cry, "Come over and help us;" and from the missionary boards at home comes the response, "Who will go for us?" Are there not some of us who can give ourselves, and reply, "Here am I; send me." Or, gift costlier still, since it is of something dearer than ourselves, have we not children whom we can give to Him who spared not His own Son for us? These are the gifts that claim the largest increase, even the hundred-fold.

And let us remember, dear sisters, whatever our gift, and whatever the work given us to do, that the command is only, "Occupy until I come." Already the East is flushed with the signs of His coming; and though to none of our mortal eyes it may be given to see this same Jesus come in like manner as He went into heaven, it is yet certain that to each one of us will, before long, come the message, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet him."

"Till He come;" — oh! let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that "till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press;  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death and darkness and the tomb —  
Only whisper, "Till He come."

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## TWELVE PILLARS OF MISSIONARY WORK.

NUMBER ONE. [CONCLUDED.]

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Special answers to prayer in the missionary work are very numerous. We have space for only two or three instances in different phases of the work, which, through the kindness of friends, we are able to give.

ABROAD.

IN a certain city of Turkey there lives a young man, "the only child of his mother, and she a widow," who, by great economy, was

able to give him better advantages than many poor children in that country receive. For several years he was an errand-boy in the missionary family where his mother was a servant.

In the spring of 1866 he very suddenly and strangely left his home, and went to Constantinople. He hoped there to make money, and, perhaps, go to America. For some time he led a reckless life among evil companions, doing, as he afterward confessed, many things against his conscience. The Lord rebuked him, again and again, by sending severe sickness, through which his accumulated funds had to be used for medicines and nursing. At length, after several severe attacks of illness, the physicians told him he must return to his native air among the mountains, or die. Thus compelled, he returned home poorer, and more to be pitied, than when he left it.

In 1868, when two lady teachers arrived at the mission-station, among the strange faces awaiting them at the missionary's house, which was to be their home, they noticed a young man, perhaps twenty years old, of a dark and rather repulsive countenance. They soon learned that he was the son of the servant. Although proud and ambitious, yet, as no other opening appeared, he had resumed his old place of errand-boy. As he washed dishes, ironed, swept and did errands, he had a peculiar air of "I'm above this, although I am obliged to do it." One of the missionary ladies, especially, felt decidedly repelled by his arrogant ways, and was heartily glad that she could not talk to him. She had scarcely formed this conclusion ere the thought came to her, as if one audibly said, "Why feel so? Did you not come to love and labor for the sinful and ungrateful? Perhaps you will betray your feelings toward him, and so become a stumbling-block in the way of his salvation." The thought weighed heavily on her mind, and she prayed that she might overcome this uncharitable feeling; and as she prayed, her interest in this proud boy grew apace. She began to be burdened with a sense of her duty to speak to him on the subject of his soul's salvation.

She had been in Turkey only about six months, and could speak but very stumblingly in Armenian, when she determined to try and talk with him. In a language less than half learned, and without being able to restrain her tears, she pleaded with him to seek his Saviour. She told him she had been repulsed by his conduct, and hoped he would forgive the feeling. She asked him to promise to seek his salvation at once. He seemed much moved by the conversation, and himself supplied many words in the course of the interview, when she was embarrassed by the unfamiliar language. From that time she could see that he was

more faithful in his work, and his manner was much changed, When she spoke to him he would thank her for her interest, and ask her to pray for him. But the change seemed superficial.

After a while the young man was made teacher of a day-school for boys, and the missionary saw less of him. She still spoke with him quite frequently about his soul's need, but saw no direct result. At length it occurred to her that she had talked enough, and, possibly, her silence would be more effective than continued appeals to him; and so one day she told him that she should not talk much more with him, although she should pray for him, and added: "This is a matter for you to settle with your God. I do not think you are a Christian. I believe you are either trying to deceive others about it, or are deceived yourself. The Lord has aroused a very great desire in my heart for your salvation; I shall continue to pray for you, but you need not think it strange if I do not talk to you on the subject. If I wait ten years for an answer to my prayers, I wait; but I shall expect the answer sometime."

The young man seemed much puzzled at her words, and very sad.

"Have my words grieved you?" she asked.

"No."

"But they surprise you?"

"Yes, they surprise me."

"I love your soul too well," added the teacher, "to fail to rebuke you; although, perhaps, no one else would tell you what I have in reference to being deceived, or trying to deceive others."

"I don't think anyone else would venture to tell me that," he answered. And so the conversation ended.

Time passed on. The revival of 1870 followed close on the opening year. Touched by the irresistible Spirit of the Lord, hoary-headed sinners, proud young men and reckless boys rose in the meetings, told the story of their sinfulness, and begged for prayers. The missionary felt a new and deep anxiety that the one for whom she was praying so constantly should yield to the influences about him. Several times he rose and asked for prayers, saying he was very weak. His manner was cold and formal; but for him to rise at all, was something.

The blessed revival continued. Meetings were held from house to house for months. They were intensely interesting and solemn. At last, in a morning meeting, the young man rose and spoke, evidently with great difficulty; his face was pale and wan, and the tears were coursing rapidly down his cheeks. He said:

"I especially need your prayers. I am a great sinner. I have sinned against light, against your counsels, against my conscience, against my vows. I am very, very wicked, and always have been.

Oh, won't you pray for me? Oh, I fear the blood of souls will be required at my hands."

The wail of deep anguish, the broken cry and confession of sin, melted all to tears. For months the teacher had prayed that this young man might be humbled; and now she prayed that the Lord would send him speedy deliverance, by enabling him to believe in the merciful Friend of sinners. It was a thrilling sight, and reminded one of the prophetic words regarding the repentance of Jerusalem.

In another meeting a brother spoke of the necessity of performing vows made unto the Lord. The young man rose and said: "I tremble, and fear to make a vow. When I went to Constantinople, I resolved to serve Christ. I not only broke my vow, but worked directly against it; now, I fear to make a vow, lest I break it. About a year ago a man said to me: 'Why don't you come and talk to me? I dare not come to you, but I want you to come to me.' I coldly answered, 'I have not time.' In this way I have been a stumbling-block to very many souls. Pray, pray for me! Let us work for souls. Oh, brethren, don't let your crowns be starless ones! Let not the crowns given you by your Saviour be unadorned. I know I have sinned against your kind counsels; I cannot tell over every name, but I beg you each to forgive me."

This voice was soon changed to one of praise and thanksgiving; and his face, for months so gloomy, so sad, now fairly shone with the new-born hope and peace which had brought unending joy and eternal life to his soul. In less than a year from the time of his first conversation with the missionary lady, he joined the little band of communicants around the Lord's table — a new creature in Christ Jesus — a trophy of redeeming grace — an illustrious example of God's faithfulness in answering prayer. E.

#### AT HOME.

MRS. B——, the president of the auxiliary in the city of D——, was waiting, in her cosy sitting-room, for the appointed hour for the meeting. She was waiting with some trepidation, it must be confessed—with feelings of dread, lest the meeting should be a failure, as so many had been before it; and yet with not a few hopes and anticipations that it would be an unusually good one — the beginning of a new interest in the auxiliary and in the cause she loved so well. She had taken great pains to prepare herself for the occasion. She had been to the rooms of the Woman's Board twice for material; she had corresponded with returned missionaries at a distance; she had borrowed books and maps without number, to be thoroughly familiar with the field she had chosen;

she had received stirring letters; she had had the notice read twice in the church on the Sabbath, and a cordial invitation given in the Sabbath School for the young ladies to be present. What more was there to be done? The day was everything that could be desired; there was not a cloud in the sky; it was neither too warm nor too cold, so that the most inveterate weather-blamer could not make it an excuse — indeed, there seemed to be no reason why the meeting should not be a success.

As the time drew near, Mrs. B—— put on her bonnet and shawl and went over to the church, hoping — oh! how she did hope! — there would be a good attendance, and that the afternoon would be the beginning of better things for the auxiliary. She went in, and found just three in the otherwise empty room. This was disheartening; but, “Others will come,” she said to herself, and sat down by the table to wait. The hands of the clock crept around to the appointed hour, and five, ten, fifteen minutes past; and there was no use waiting any longer. But what could she do? To give her elaborately prepared account of the mission-field to an audience of three seemed absurd. She read some of the precious promises in respect to the conversion of the world, and was somewhat comforted to feel that the work would go on, whether the Christian women in D—— thought best to have a share in it or not; yet she could not help a strong feeling of discouragement at the failure of all her efforts. There seemed but one resource left, and that was to go to God in prayer; and to that resource she went, pouring out her whole soul to her Heavenly Father, pleading with him to move the hearts of his handmaids in that church to an interest in his cause, and arouse them to a sense of their duty and privilege as co-workers in it. There were tears in her eyes as she gathered up her books and papers, and the little company separated.

There was one in the small audience, however, on whom the meeting, and especially the discouraged prayer, made a strong impression. In the progress of events this lady became president of the auxiliary, being moved to give up other benevolent work in order to give time for the duties of the office. The interest was evidently increasing. The attendance at the meetings grew to thirty, fifty, eighty, a hundred; and at last, on a bright September day, there was to be a special service. This time the chapel was filled with an eager crowd. Mothers had left their homes, concluding that housekeeping could take care of itself for a while; young girls had dropped their “knife-pleating” and their usual amusements, and children and teachers had come flocking in from their schools, all to go to a missionary meeting. How does it

happen? In answer to prayer that there might be a true vital interest in missions in the church, two loved friends have been led to give their lives to the work for heathen women, and this is their farewell meeting. There is certainly no lack of enthusiasm now, and it would seem that it would never lessen with the strong magnetic cord, binding the church and the foreign field so closely together.

At the close of the exercises, which were full of the deepest feeling, some one said to the president "Is n't it wonderful to see such a meeting in our church?" "Do you know what I think has been the great instrumentality in bringing about this state of things?" was asked, in return. "No." "I am convinced that it is in answer to the prayers of the discouraged presidents who have gone before, and especially to one that I shall never forget which was offered in a little meeting of four, a year or two ago."

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It was a time of great depression in the mission at M—. Misfortunes and discouragements had followed each other in quick succession, and last among them came an epidemic. Death had taken away some of the most efficient native helpers, on whom many hopes had been centered, and one of whom was the main reliance of the little church. At last, one of the only two remaining missionaries was stricken down by the epidemic. The disease had spent its force, but it seemed doubtful whether the frail body would rally.

"How desolate and afflicted we were within those lonely walls!" She writes: "The days passed slowly, wearily on, in my weakness in an upper room, under the care of a native woman and her daughter. Well I remember the sad, anxious days of January in 1876—the intense anxiety that the missionary whose burdens and cares had been so heavy in the burial of the dead and the relief of the sick, when outside help and sympathy from the foreigners were repelled because of contagion—that his life, opening so promisingly for the work of the Master in a foreign land might be spared—that the little band of devoted praying ones might not be bereft of their teachers."

As the missionary lay upon her couch, growing feverish and restless over her perplexing thoughts, suddenly a strange calm came over her. She felt, as she afterward said, as if she were a little child again, and had been soothed and hushed to rest in her mother's arms. Just then her friend came to inquire how she was, fearing to hear the same sad answer he had heard so often before. But to-day she answered, joyfully:—



“I am better — decidedly better! I think I shall get well. I have had the strangest feeling come over me the last hour — as if I had new life. I don’t understand it.” In a few minutes she added: “I believe I know what it is. I am sure some one is praying for me. I think I will try to prove it.”

Turning to her faithful nurse, who sat by her side, she asked her to bring her “Daily Food;” and turning to the day of the month, she marked it, saying to herself, “I may hear something about this day in another place.” From that hour, inspired with new courage, she began to recover; and before long was able to resume her interrupted duties.

Weeks passed by, and she had almost forgotten the incident, until one day it was recalled to her mind by receiving a letter from a friend, in which was the substantially following sentence; “In January I attended a meeting of the Woman’s Board in Pilgrim Hall; and I wish you could have heard the earnest prayers offered for you — especially by Mrs. T——, President of the Hartford Branch.”

The date was compared with the one in her “Daily Food,” and the coincidence was complete. Once more she thanked the Giver of all gifts, that he had heard the prayer of his children, and given her back her health and strength.

To this instance we would like to add one other, or, rather, to show the connecting link between two events. In *LIFE AND LIGHT* for April, 1878, there is an article taken from a letter from Miss Sisson, entitled, “Who is this Sinner?” The letter was taken into the meeting of the auxiliary which supports her, and there was long and earnest prayer for the poor native woman feeling after her Saviour — that she might know she was a sinner, and turn to Him who alone can grant forgiveness. The result is seen in the description by Mrs. Capron, in the December number, of a glowing, earnest Christian woman, eagerly seeking to lead others to her Lord.



## Thy Kingdom Come.

Saviour, who Thy life didst give,  
That our souls might ransomed be,  
Rest we not, till all the world  
Hears that love, and turns to Thee.

Help us, that we falter not,  
Though the fields are white and wide,  
And the reapers, sorely pressed,  
Call for aid on every side.

Guide us, that with swifter feet  
 We may speed us on our way,  
 Leading darkened nations forth  
 Into Thine eternal day.

Sweet the service — blest the toil —  
 Thine alone the glory be;  
 Oh, baptize our souls anew;  
 Consecrate us all to Thee.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A. DE F. L.

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

RECEIPTS FROM NOVEMBER 18, TO DECEMBER 18, 1878.

MRS. BENJAMIN E. BATES, TREASURER.

### MAINE.

*Maine Branch.* — Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas. Fal-  
 mouth, First Ch., Aux., \$19;  
 Auburn, High St. Ch., Aux.,  
 \$37; 6th St. Chapel, "Mission  
 Circle," \$10; Waterville,  
 Aux., \$34.75; Blue Hill, a  
 friend, \$1.50; Portland, Beth-  
 el Ch., "Ocean Pebbles," prev.  
 contri. const. L. M. Mrs.  
 Frances Southworth, \$15;  
 First Ch., Aux., \$7; Milltown,  
 Aux., \$10; Gorham, Aux., \$50;  
 "Mission Workers," \$60, \$244 25

Total, \$244 25

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*New Hampshire Branch.* —  
 Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas.  
 Acworth, Aux., \$15; Alton,  
 Aux., \$1.74; Bristol, Aux.,  
 \$10; Campton, Aux., \$28.45;  
 Clairmont, Mrs. Harris's S.  
 S. cl., \$3; Concord, "Miss'y  
 Helpers," \$36.50; "Wheeler  
 Circle," \$27; Dunbarton,  
 "Hillside Laborers," \$10;  
 Hampton, Aux., \$15; Han-  
 over, Aux., \$61; Hollis, Aux.,  
 prev. contri. const. L. M's  
 Mrs. Jefferson Farley, Mrs.  
 Darius B. Scott, \$18; "Pansy  
 Circle," of wh. \$25 const. L.  
 M. Mrs. Alfred Farley, \$40;  
 Keene, First Ch. "Mission  
 Circle," \$40; Littleton, Aux.,  
 \$31.58; Mt. Vernon, Aux.,  
 \$19.50; New Ipswich, "Hill-  
 side Gleaners," \$5; No. Chi-  
 chester, Aux., \$6.54; No.  
 Hampton, "Mission Circle,"  
 \$18.13; Plymouth, "Mission  
 Circle," \$7.60. Expenses,  
 \$2.50, \$391 54

*New London.* — Miss Hattie  
 Kimbley, \$3; Mary K. Trus-  
 sell, \$1.40, 4 40

*West Lebanon.* — Aux., 20 00

Total, \$415 94

### Fem. Dep. Armenia College.

*New Hampshire Branch.* — Al-  
 ton, "Gleaners," \$3; Con-  
 cord, Mrs. Dutton Wood, \$10;  
 Frankestown, Aux., \$20; Ha-  
 verhill, Aux., \$20; Henniker,  
 "Willing Workers," \$40; Sal-  
 mon Falls, "Willing Help-  
 ers," \$15, \$108 00

### Legacy.

Legacy of Eliza Kenny, Am-  
 herst, \$757 80

### VERMONT.

*Vermont Branch.* — Mrs. Geo.  
 H. Fox, Treas. Windham,  
 "Mission Circle," \$8.45; Dan-  
 by, "Mission Circle, \$4; St.  
 Johnsbury, a thank offering,  
 \$10; Fair Haven, a friend,  
 .40; Westford, Aux., \$15; Ba-  
 kersfield, Aux., \$6; Thetford,  
 Aux., \$9; Newbury, Aux.,  
 prev. contri. const. L. M's  
 Mrs. C. M. Atkinson, Mrs.  
 A. L. Ward, \$5; Derby, Aux.,  
 \$7; "Mission Circle," const.  
 L. M. Mrs. D. M. Camp, Sen.,  
 \$25; Expenses, .85; Balance, \$89 00

*Lyndon.* — Aux, 4 00

*North Craftsbury.* — Mrs. D. W.  
 Loomis, const. L. M. Mrs.  
 Mary W. Boardman, 25 00

*Wells River.* — Aux., 7 50

Total, \$125 50

### MASSACHUSETTS.

*Acton.* — Cong. Ch. and Soc'y, \$2 00

*Andover.* — West Ch., Juvenile  
 Miss'y Society, \$100, Aux. of  
 wh. \$25, by a friend, const. L.  
 M. Mrs. Mary N. Blakelsley,  
 \$176.20, 276 20

*Auburndale.* — Aux., 15 00

*Berkshire Branch.* — Mrs. S. N.  
 Russell, Treas. Pittsfield First  
 Ch., \$7.91; Young Ladies' So-

ciety, \$5.15; "Snow Flakes," \$5; So. Ch., Aux., \$30; So. Egremont, Aux., \$30; Hinsdale, Aux., \$25; Williamstown, Aux., \$67; "In His Name," Aux., of wh. \$75 const. L. M's Mrs. Helen T. Sewell, Miss Rosamond E. Cole, Miss Lillian H. Eggleston, \$82; Monterey, Aux., \$20; Lee Union, Aux., of wh. \$50 const. L. M's Miss Virginia Stallman, Miss Sarah Rice, \$140; Gt. Barrington, Aux., \$30.07; Dalton, Aux., \$15.80; "Penny Gatherers," \$10; Housatonic, Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. Edward Giddings, \$27.50, \$495 43

*Boston.*—Mrs. J. N. Fisk, \$10; a friend, \$5; Miss Mary R. Waldron, \$1; Berkeley St. Ch., ladies, \$11.25; "Lamp Lighters," \$5; Mr. C. G. Barry, \$100; Central Ch., \$268, 400 25

*Boston Highlands.*—Eliot Ch., \$36; Immanuel Ch., \$11.32, 47 32

*South Boston.*—E St. Ch., 4 39

*Braintree.*—In memory of a beloved mother, 1 00

*Charlestown.*—Winthrop Ch., Aux., 33 00

*Chelsea.*—Pilgrim Band, const. L. M's Mrs. Lizzie B. Bement, Miss Nellie L. Gilmore, 50 00

*Cohasset.*—Aux., 10 00

*Dorchester.*—Village Ch., Aux., 33 00

*Dunstable.*—Aux., 25 00

*East Falmouth.*—Aux., \$5.87; "Willing Hands," \$2.13, 8 00

*East Somerville.*—Miss E. N. Tenney's S. S. cl. ad'l, 8 12

*Essex So. Conf. Branch.*—Miss Harriet K. Osgood, Treas. Gloucester, Aux., \$53; Lynn, Central Ch., Aux., \$23; Georgetown, Memorial Ch., \$10; Beverly, Dane St. Ch., of wh. \$25, by a friend, const. L. M. Miss S. Carrie Woodberry, \$110, 196 00

*Grantville.*—Aux., 60 00

*Hanover.*—Aux., 2 30

*Laurencee.*—Central Ch., Aux., \$26.25; "Central Workers," \$5; Mrs. Benj. Cooledge, \$3.80, 35 05

*Leverett.*—Cong. Ch. and Society, 1 00

*Lowell.*—1st Ch., Aux., \$129.50; Eliot High St. and John St. Ch's, of wh. \$25 by Mrs. E. M. Buss, const. self L. M., \$157.75, 287 25

*Lynnfield.*—Cong. Ch. and Soc'y, 7 02

*Mendon Conf. Asso.*—Foxboro "Crystal Rock Mission Circle," 10 00

*Merrimac.*—Aux., 9 76

*Methuen.*—Aux. and "Little Christian Workers," 30 00

*Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. E. H. Warren, Treas. So. Framingham, "Willing Workers," \$40 00

*Newburyport.*—Aux., of wh. \$50 const. L. M's Rev. Mrs. Charles R. Seymour, Rev. Mrs. James H. Ross, \$280; "Tyler Mission Circle," \$25, 305 00

*Norfolk Conf. Branch.*—Mrs. Franklin Shaw, Treas. Abington, Aux., \$13; No. Abington, Aux., \$12; No. Weymouth, First Ch., Aux., \$30; "Wide Awake Workers," \$10; Brockton, Aux., \$70; Easton, Aux., \$13 66; Braintree, Aux. \$52; Quincy, Aux., \$56, 256 66

*No. Falmouth.*—Aux., 20 00

*Phillipston.*—Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. Ellen A. Fuller, 25 00

*Provincetown.*—Aux., 6 25

*Rochester.*—Aux., of wh. \$50 const. L. M's Mrs. William P. Haskell, Miss Emily F. Leonard, 62 00

*Sandwich.*—Aux., 15 00

*Saugus.*—Mrs. F. V. Tenney's S. S. cl., \$6.67; Miss Ella J. Tenney's S. S. cl., 65; 7 32

*Somerville.*—Broadway Ch., 9 00

*Southampton.*—Penny col. el. children, 1 00

*So. Wellfleet.*—Aux., 10 00

*Springfield Branch.*—Miss H. T. Buckingham, Treas. Springfield, First Ch., of wh. \$10 by Mrs. D. P. Smith, \$69.72; Cirele No. 1, \$2.66; No. 2, \$7.60; "Golden Sunbeams," \$3.63; Memorial Ch., \$137.87; "Little Helpers," \$30; Mrs. Hooker's S. S. cl., \$32; "Memorial Band," \$40; S. S., \$49; No. Ch. \$50; Olivet Ch., \$18; So. Ch., \$53.70; "Young Ladies' Mission Circle," \$16.55; "Mite Box," .60; Chicopee, Third Ch., "Busy Bees," \$12; Thorndike, Aux., \$10; "Willing Hands," \$11.06; Palmer, Second Ch., \$23.55; Holyoke, Aux., \$182; "Merry Workers," \$30; "Busy Bees," \$5; Munson, Aux., \$53; Mrs. Seymour's S. S. cl. \$25; East Longmeadow, Aux., \$18.20; So. Wilbraham, \$20; "Humming Birds," \$10; Mitteneague, "The Gleaners," \$20; Westfield, First Ch., of wh. \$25, by Miss E. B. Dickinson, const. self L. M., \$175; "Light Bearers," \$65; Second Ch., of wh. \$25, by Mrs. Cutler Lakin, const. L. M. Mrs. Jeannette S. Hopkins; \$25, by Mrs. Jessup, const. L. M.; Miss Ella M. Jessup, \$200; Sandford St.

Ch. \$2,	\$1,364 14
<i>Stockbridge.</i> —“Mission Circle,”	20 59
<i>Waverley.</i> —“Faithful Workers,” pupil Mrs. Edward’s school,	30 00
<i>Wellesley.</i> —College Missionary Society,	200 00
<i>Westford.</i> —Union Ch. and Society,	10 00
<i>Woburn Conf. Branch.</i> —Mrs. N. W. C. Holt, Treas. Burlington, Aux., \$17; Woburn, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. M. J. Keys const. L. M. Mrs. S. H. Leathe, St. Louis, Mo. \$50; Winchester, Aux., Mrs. Maria B. Bodge, const. L. M. Miss C. E. Goodwin, \$25,	92 00
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. W. Russell, Treas. Clinton, Aux., \$17.15; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., \$61.26; Oxford, Aux., \$12; Paxton, Aux., \$14; Whitinsville, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. Paul Whitin, const. L. M. Mrs. Charles E. Whitin, \$35; Princeton, Aux., \$10; Athol, Aux., \$26; Juvenile Miss’y Soc’y, \$4; Worcester Miss’y Asso., \$133.49; Spencer, Aux., \$61.95; “Hillside Workers,” \$39.30; “Riverside Helpers,” \$5; Winchendon, Aux., of wh. \$25, by Mrs. O. Mason, const. L. M. Miss Mabel M. Mason; \$25 by Mrs. L. G. Harris, const. L. M. Mrs. Louisa W. Lyman; \$25, by a friend, const. L. M. Mrs. Grover S. Whitney, \$159.50; “Busy Bees,” \$1,	581 65
<i>Yarmouth.</i> —Aux.,	5 00

Total, \$5,107 70

*Fem. Dep. Armenia College.*

*Boston.*—A friend, \$100 00

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Anna T. White, Treas. Tiverton, Aux., \$8.50; Central Falls, “Little Sunbeams,” \$31; Barrington, “Byside Gleaners,” \$5; Little Compton, Aux., \$10; Mrs. B. B. Knight, const. L. M. Miss Addie Knight, \$25,	\$79 50
Total,	\$79 50

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Cromwell.</i> —Aux., of wh. \$50 const. L. M. Mrs. Lucinthia H. Butler, Miss Emma Savage,	\$62 73
<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. C. Learned, Treas. Hanover, Aux., \$4; Plainfield, Miss Mary Hutchins, \$3;	

<i>Stonington.</i> Second Ch., \$12.22; Mystic Bridge, Aux., \$3.40; Pomfret, Aux., \$15; Norwich, Park Ch., \$22.51, \$60 13	
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. Chas. A. Jewell, Treas. Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., “Bee Hive,” \$40; So. Ch., Aux., \$71; S. S., \$30; Centre Ch., Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. George N. Adams, Kingsbury, Ohio, \$334.15; East Hartford, Aux., \$50; Unionville, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. James A. Smith, \$25; Glastonbury, “Cheerful Givers,” \$10; Rockville, Aux., \$15; Hebron, Aux., \$15; Bristol, Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. Mary J. Staalc, \$47.75,	637 90
<i>New Haven.</i> —Special gift by a loving friend,	30 00
<i>West Hartford.</i> —A friend,	4 00
Total,	\$791 16

NEW YORK.

<i>Cazenovia.</i> —Pres. S. S., pupil in Miss Payson’s School,	\$40 00
<i>Prattsburg.</i> —Pres. S. S.,	20 00
Total,	\$60 00

*Fem. Dep. Armenia College.*

*Lebanon Springs.*—Leila Bull, \$1 40

OHIO.

<i>Windham.</i> —Young Ladies’ Mission Band,	\$24 60
Total,	\$24 60

MICHIGAN.

<i>Covert.</i> —Aux.,	\$10 00
Total,	\$10 00

IOWA.

<i>Bellevue.</i> —Cong. Ch., Aux.,	\$5 80
Total,	\$5 80

KANSAS.

<i>Junction City.</i> —Mrs. E. Jacobus,	\$4 40
<i>Lawrence.</i> —A few friends,	10 00
<i>Manhattan.</i> —Mrs. Mary Parker,	10 00
Total,	\$24 40
General Fund,	\$6,888 85
<i>Fem. Dep. Armenia College,</i>	209 40
“Life and Light,”	667 12
Weekly Pledge,	9 67
Leaflets,	3 23
Legacy,	757 80
Total,	\$8,536 07

MISS EMMA CARRUTH, Ass’t Treas.

# Department of the Interior.

## WORK AMONG VILLAGE WOMEN OF ARMENIA.

BY MISS C. O. VAN DUZEE.

IN the interior of Turkey, there are no scattering houses in the country, but all are gathered in clusters, called villages. There is a vast difference between the inhabitants of the villages and the cities, the latter being much more intelligent. All the villagers are farmers, and they are obliged to build their houses near together, for mutual protection.

Let us go to one of these Armenian villages, near Erzroom, to see how the people live and what we can do for them. As we approach, the houses are hardly distinguishable from the plains around, being entirely roofed with earth, and the walls, which are of stone, being scarcely more than five feet high. There are a few trees close by, near which is the public "fountain," or spring, where all go for water.

As we enter one of the houses, through the low passage-way, we must take good care of our heads, if we are very tall. We come to a heavy inner door, which we push open,—if it is not already so,—as no one in a village knocks. This brings us into the kitchen, or family-room. It is, perhaps, fifteen or twenty feet square, with stone walls about five feet high, on which logs are laid, cob-house fashion, coming nearer and nearer together, terminating in an open sky-light of two feet square. This opening answers for a chimney as well, and the bake-oven is generally directly under it, in the ground. The floor is of earth, beaten hard; and this oven is four or five feet deep, dug down into the ground. It is, perhaps, three feet in diameter at the very bottom, and two feet at the mouth, which is even with the floor. The whole oven is lined with potter's clay, baked, and red, like a flower-pot. In this, and over it, all the cooking is done. At the sides of the room the cooking-utensils, bedding, boxes for clothing, mats, stores, etc., are arranged. Sometimes the walls and ceiling of such a room are whitewashed, and clean; and then, again, they are black with the smoke of ages. This room is the home of the women and girls. The men come in only to give their orders, and, perhaps, to sit down for a few minutes, and the larger boys do not stay there a great deal.

In the summer, every one is busy from dawn till dark, and we cannot get hold of the people to talk with them; but in the winter, every one is at leisure, and that is the time for our work among them. We go into the kitchen. The work was finished at about ten or eleven in the morning; and when the fire went down, a square frame was put over the bake-oven. It may be from two to four feet square, and about fifteen inches high. It rests on four legs, and is covered with bits of carpet, or felt, reaching to the floor, to keep the heat in. The skylight is open, and the room soon loses what heat it had. Mats are laid around this warmed spot, and carpets over them, with a cushion for us. We raise the thick covers and slip our feet under as we sit down. Some one has been to tell the neighbors that we will have a meeting; and here they are. It is none too warm with heavy cloaks, and our heads wrapped in woolen hoods, sitting, too, with our feet in this warmed spot; while our audience of women and girls, numbering, perhaps, twenty or thirty, are, most of them, sitting back in the cold, with no extra clothing on them; and yet they do not complain, but listen eagerly. Some, it may be, are hearing of Christ for the first and last time. How one longs to say just the right word!

There is another part to this house of which I have not yet spoken—the stable, which belongs to the men and boys. And now I must tell you how the stable looks. You come in at a low door, step over the threshold, and down a foot or so, on to the dirt floor. The ceiling in the passage is low, and generally there is an inner door. These village doors are all made of heavy planks. The stable is quite as large as the kitchen, but has only three little holes in the flat roof for light and ventilation, these holes being about a foot square, and sometimes even smaller. As you go in from the outside, everything is dark; but in a moment you begin to see, dimly, where you are.

Out here, at one side, up two or three steps, in a corner, a mat is laid, three or four feet wide, and eight or ten feet long, and over it a carpet, and perhaps some cushions. There is a long walk, about two feet wide, up the middle of the room to a fireplace in the wall at the end; and on the other side of the walk another long mat, carpet and cushions, as on the first side; and beyond this a stone-wall three or four feet high. All the rest of the way around the large room, with their heads to the wall, stand the animals—horses, cows, oxen, buffaloes, etc., and their heat warms the room. This place is the hotel of the interior of Asiatic Turkey, and very often answers for the chapel and school-room of a village, until there are enough Protestants to help build a room for that purpose. Here the men and boys congregate during the days and long

evenings of the winter; and out in the large square spot in the center of the room, with the animals all around, the women of the house spread a mat, and bringing their cradles and spinning or knitting, with their faces well covered, sit there to keep warm, while the children play around them. I say "women of the house," because their houses often contain several families—two or three brothers, with their parents, and perhaps some of their sons, who are old enough to marry and have brought their wives home to this common live, which often contains twenty or thirty, and sometimes even sixty or seventy "souls," as they express it. Of course there are smaller families, and sometimes one man with his wife and children live by themselves.

But let us look into the carpeted corner of this stable-room during a meeting. The missionary has come to the village alone, and is preaching. The place is full of men, and no woman dares to go out and sit down among them. Two or three, with their faces tied up, are standing among the animals; and perhaps two or three more have crouched at the end of the mats near the door, trying to catch what they can.

Again we look in when the lady teacher has gone with the missionary; and while he sits on one side, she takes the other, and the women come and sit by her side, thus having an equal chance with the men. The missionary gentleman cannot go to the kitchen, to meet the women and girls who would not go to the stable-room, even though the lady teacher sits there. It would not be considered proper. Even if this lady were in the kitchen, he would send some one in to call her, and not go himself. It is for just such reasons as this that the unmarried ladies are so much needed.

But some one will say, "Why cannot the missionary's wife go with him to the villages?" She does go when she can; but how many times would you think you could go over those bad roads, with your darling little ones, hung in baskets, balanced on the horse's sides, one basket often hanging over a precipice, where the road is so steep and narrow that one misstep of the horse must dash them to pieces? It is hard for you to keep a clear head there, but vastly worse to see your children in such a place; and many a missionary mother has had to shut her eyes as her little ones were in such perilous places, knowing she could do nothing to help them, while she begged the Lord to keep them. In colder weather, when the people are at liberty, she cannot take the children through the rain and snow and piercing winds; and, besides all this, these stables are not the places for innocent babies. The vermin, tobacco-smoke, and steam of the stables can scarcely be endured by the missionaries themselves. It would be a sin to take the baby there

But another says, Why should the missionaries marry at all? There, too, the questioner is at fault. These missionary mothers, with their children, are a constant living sermon to the people around them, the report of which spreads to the villages far and near. The people say to one another, "See, the missionary treats his wife as though she had a soul, as though she were equal with him." "They love each other; our husbands don't love us." "The missionary helps his wife take care of the baby." "Your children are angels, that is why they are so good. How can we train ours to do the same?" etc., etc. This missionary work needs the minister, with his wife and home; and it needs the lady teachers, who can, as they have opportunity, go to these poor, ignorant, village women, and tell them of Christ. It is the hardest part of the work, but it pays the most richly; and who would not love to be the instrument, in the hands of the Lord, of putting the new light in the eye, and the new hope in the heart, the blessed hope of salvation through Christ? Sisters, pray for us, and for them; for us, that we may "work while the day lasts," and for them, that they may accept this great gift of eternal life.



## TURKEY.

### LETTER FROM MISS MALTBIE.

I HAD often anticipated the joy of meeting again the dear missionary friends, and being with my precious girls once more after the long absence; but my expectations were more than realized on that bright June day, when, the weary journey over, I greeted the dear ones. Just after entering the city, I saw twenty-seven girls, with their teachers, coming to welcome me. The meeting was a joyous one to us all.

In about a week I was again installed in my duties, and since then my time has been fully occupied in the ordinary school routine, and in preparation for our usual annual examination, which passed off very satisfactorily, considering the short time the school has been open this year. The Russian officers stationed here were present, and seemed much interested. Most of them are able to understand Bulgarian quite well. We are treated with the utmost respect by the Russians, and have formed some pleasant acquaintances with their families.

We are now having a short vacation, and ten of our girls have gone out to the villages, to do what they can to publish the glad



tidings of salvation. Five of them will be away all winter. There was never such a call for Bible-women as now. In some of the villages they beg us, with tears, to send them a teacher. The girls that have gone seem to be imbued with the spirit of love for souls; and we trust that God will accomplish a great work through them. The presence of the Holy Spirit has been manifest in the school since my return, and God has graciously answered prayer. Most of the scholars hope that they are Christians, and seem to have a sincere desire to fit themselves for the Lord's work. We have great reason to be thankful for the evidence of God's Providence and help in all that relates to our school. The dear girls who have gone to teach besought us, with many tears, to pray that the power of God's Spirit might accompany them. They find many hungry souls; but few dare let it be openly known that they are seeking Christ's salvation. We hope that such laws may be made for religious freedom, that the people will not be so much afraid of the priests, and will dare to come openly to our services

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## JAPAN.

### LETTER FROM MISS PARMELEE.

I CAN scarcely realize that I have been away from my loved home, friends and country almost one year. It is not because the mere mention of such words does not find a ready response from a tender place in my heart, that I do not wish to go home for many years yet; but because the glimpse I have had of the work looks so very attractive and soul-inspiring, that, it seems to me, were I once fully in the work, it would be long before I should want to leave it, even for a visit home. A more promising place for work cannot, I am sure, exist in all the Master's vineyard. There are discouragements and disappointments, of course; still, whether one looks at individual cases or at the work in general, it is exceedingly interesting and hopeful. It must be cheering to those at home, as well as to us, to know that a well-organized home missionary society is in successful operation here. It is, we hope, the beginning of great things, in this land of moral darkness. The young men who have been sent out by this society to different parts of the country, this summer, preaching, have returned to the training-school at Kioto, nearly all bringing cheering reports of the work in their several fields. The zeal, wisdom and earnestness manifested by these young men in their work is very encouraging.

Any true Christian would rejoice to see the effects of the "Jesus way" on the lives of those here who have learned to walk in it. The hearts of those born in heathenism of the blackest kind, nursed with bad ideas of right and wrong, and reared in vice, are not suddenly made pure and holy. But though the effect, as shown in the heart and life, is gradual, yet the growth of many who have been Christians but a short time is wonderful. I think of one who, about two years ago, was an immovable skeptic, but who seems to me now one of the most earnest and devoted Christians I ever saw.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Wilson and I are waiting here at Kobe, for our resident passes to Kioto, which there has been some difficulty in procuring. We have been here since our summer vacation in Arima, and may be detained until Christmas. It is a great trial and disappointment not to be able to go back immediately; but it must be for the best, since "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Miss Dudley and I have just returned from a trip to Akashi, a town fifteen miles down the coast. We went down Oct. 1. It was a beautiful day, and the ride along the bay was lovely. On the way we passed a mountain, from the top of which the founder of ancient Hiogo is said to have ascended, in a cloud of fire. You will not be surprised that the story of Elijah makes little impression on the Japanese. We reached Akashi just at dark, after a jinrikisha ride of three hours. Though our visit was unexpected, we received a warm welcome from Dr. Yamada and wife, who live in the house which is used for holding meetings. Early in the afternoon of the next day, the women and girls began to come for Miss Dudley's Bible-class. The girls seemed to have dressed for the occasion; their gay belts or sashes were elaborately looped; their hair had been freshly dressed; and, though they did look exceedingly pretty, it was sad to hear them talk about each other's looks, which is the principal subject of conversation with Japanese women. The lesson for the afternoon was a review, or examination, of the first few chapters of Matthew, which Miss Dudley had previously studied with them. The girls, though timid, did themselves and their teacher credit. After the meeting Miss Dudley went out to make calls, while I sang with the women and girls until nearly dark. The next morning they came again to sing before I had finished my breakfast. Several of the women and girls are thought to be Christians, and are to be baptized next week, at the formation of a church in Akashi. Amid entreaties to stay longer, we left them, saying we hoped "again to hang upon their honorable eyelids."

## INDIA.

## AMONG THE CHOLERA-STRICKEN IN CEYLON.

BY MISS HESTER A. HILLIS.

[We are indebted to one of our auxiliaries for the following extracts from a journal-letter from Miss Hillis.]

DURING a large part of the year cholera has been doing its deadly work in the villages all about the station, breaking up the schools, preventing the women from gathering together for meetings, as well as hindering the systematic visiting we had planned for. The people are very timid during the prevalence of the sickness, and dislike any gathering of the people or children. When cholera breaks out they suppose that Karli and Ammarl are abroad, wreaking vengeance on those who have displeased them; and before nightfall the doors are fastened, and the village hushed as death.

To the Tamil people, the whole world is a vast haunted house, not peopled with harmless ghosts and hobgoblins, as western superstition would have it, but with malignant spirits — evil deities, who seek to kill and destroy. Even when there is no sickness, they are as much afraid of the dark as the most timid child in America. There are few, even of our educated men, who would go two miles alone after dark. There are no robbers, no wild beasts; the heathen fear the devils. Cholera usually begins in the night; the people are afraid to go for the doctor — and, if called, he would in most cases refuse to go before daylight; and the disease does its work so quickly that they are often past help before the doctor sees them.

The island has been subject to such visitations, at intervals of ten years, ever since the Americans came to Ceylon. The government agent began, two years ago, to prepare for it, by enforcing sanitary laws, and stationing the medical force at points where the disease would probably make its appearance. Supplies of medicine and disinfectants were provided, and it was confidently hoped that the disease would be kept under. The first cases were removed to the hospital, with all of the family; the house and clothes were burned, and for a time the sickness did not increase. But when it appeared among the Mohammedans, they resisted the police, who attempted to remove the sick (there was almost a riot at one time), and the point was yielded; and none have been taken by force this year. But the plan could not have been carried out, even if the people had been willing. The disease developed so rapidly, that the medical force was altogether insufficient; but hospitals were erected in different places, and responsible men put in charge,

with food and medicines. A cholera commission was sent by the government to endeavor to ascertain the origin, and to recommend the adoption of such measures as would stamp out the epidemic, and prevent its recurrence in the future. During the latter part of the summer the sickness disappeared, but returned with the rains. The scarcity of food has, no doubt, been one of the causes. The rains failed two years in succession; then the Palmyra-trees, on which the people depend when the rice crop fails, did not bear fruit, and there has been great suffering. Relief-works were opened, taxes remitted, and everything that the most paternal government could do was done; and when we think of poor famishing India, we know that Jaffna has had only cause for thanksgiving. The marvelous deliverance, several years ago, of Bengal from the famine that seemed as imminent as this that has visited South India, had led us to feel that, in some way, it would again be arrested. So we hoped, till, almost without warning, the appalling truth was known that nearly two presidencies were doomed, and whole peoples were passing into a shadow that would, to multitudes, be literally the shadow of death; out of which they would only pass on and out into the endless dark. Through all these months it has been like one long night of watching by the death-bed of a nation.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seems a long, long time since I laid down my pen; indeed, it often seems as if the line that separates us from eternity had been put away from us all, as it has been from so many. Two months ago, cholera again made its appearance. Since then the destroyer has been going in and out of our dwellings, gathering his spoils from every house. The death-rate is not high, not over six or eight per day; but because I know the individuals and their families, it seems oftentimes as if all the people were doomed. The disease usually does its work within twenty-four hours—often in less time; but many cases assume the typhus form, and linger from five to eight days, so there are often from fifteen to twenty cases in a more or less critical condition. There is no panic, as in former visitations. I scarcely know why, unless it is that nature cannot afford the stuff of which panics are made for so long a time.

The government has put up a hospital near our station, and two others a mile and a mile and a half from the house; but only the poorer classes would consent to go from their homes, and all others had to be treated in their houses. There is but one practitioner, and he has charge of the hospital; and it has been necessary for me to do all I could. My knowledge of medicine is not sufficient to justify me in treating critical cases alone, if it were

possible to get a doctor. But the disease requires prompt and vigorous treatment; and though we send medicine, the people will not venture to give it. Their statements of symptoms can seldom be trusted, and they have no idea of applying friction, heating the body, etc. So I have not dared to refuse calls when I have had strength to go. The strain is severe; the houses are low, and so dark, that I sometimes have to call for a light, to see the face of the patient, who usually lies on the ground. But, though I am often weary, and once in awhile altogether certain that I am cholera-stricken myself, I am well, and would not have you think that I am troubled or care-worn. I cannot but suffer with the people; but just as we may leave our own cares and sorrows in the hands of our Father, so we may commend this wailing, suffering world into the hands of its faithful Creator, and be at rest.

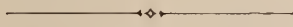
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I am thankful to be able to say that the cholera has disappeared; but there has been a great deal of small-pox, and the heat is intense,—genuine India weather,—not merely uncomfortable; it fills the blood and bones with burning, if one ventures to stay in the villages. But the monsoon must soon blow; then we shall have comparatively cool weather for a time.



“THE revenue we [the English] derive from opium in two or three days equals the whole sum of money we have given, during five months, to relieve the famine in China.”

We copy the above from an address by Mr. Hudson Taylor, delivered at the General Conference on Foreign Missions, Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, Mildmay Park, London, published in “*Word and Work*,” a London publication.



# Home Department.



## COLORADO STATE BRANCH.

THE Woman’s Missionary Societies of the Congregational churches in Colorado and vicinity held a meeting in Greeley, Nov. 8, in connection with the annual meeting of the Association. The societies of the several churches in Greeley had long looked for-

ward to a union meeting, and improved the fitting opportunity to unite their thanksgivings and prayers in behalf of mission work.

After opening exercises, and appropriate words of welcome by Mrs. Keith, president of the local auxiliary, we listened to impressive addresses by Mrs. A. E. Kellogg, of the Presbyterian church, and Mrs. A. M. Morrison, of the Congregational church of Denver. A special appeal for Mrs. Pinkerton's school, in South Africa, was made by Mrs. Telford, a personal friend of Mrs. Pinkerton. A few earnest words from Mrs. Todd, a mother in Israel long connected with mission work, added to the interest of the meeting.

After encouraging reports from the several societies, an hour was given to considering the question of forming the Colorado auxiliaries into a Branch — a measure which was generally approved and warmly advocated by some of the pastors. The subject was presented in a paper by Mrs. J. W. Pickett, of Colorado Springs, and the auxiliaries proceeded to organize a branch of the W. B. M. I., appointing Mrs. J. W. Pickett, President; Mrs. Sarah Keith, of Greeley, Mrs. A. M. Morrison, of Denver, Mrs. Martyn, of Colorado Springs, and Mrs. Taylor, of Cheyenne, Vice-Presidents; and Mrs. A. A. Merwin, Secretary.

The exercises closed with prayer, by the president. The meeting was one of great interest; and we look forward with faith and hope to the future of our State Branch Organization.

A. A. MERWIN, *Secretary.*

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#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM TWO OF OUR WESTERN AUXILIARIES.

“I SHALL be unable to attend the meeting at Kalamazoo, but my whole heart will be with you. I have not got over the impulse received at Davenport, a year since; it is gaining strength, instead. There is a growing interest in our little society. We have eight members scattered over the prairie, who meet once a month, from house to house, and we love our meetings more and more. We meet at other times to sew carpet-rags, to swell our funds. Our Sabbath School has, also, a monthly collection for Foreign Missions. LIFE AND LIGHT is the first thing I take into my hand to read, when the semi-weekly mail comes in. Its words are like food to the hungry.”

“When we received your letter asking for funds, we made quite an effort to get the members of the society together. Only two of us met; we each gave one dollar, and collected fifty cents besides.

Some of the ladies are ill, some very busy, and some very, very poor. We shall keep trying to do better, and hope to give a more encouraging account of ourselves before the year is closed.

"I received Miss West's 'Romance of Missions,' and many a tear dropped while reading it. We try to keep the book circulating. I love the cause of missions, and rejoice if I can contribute in any way toward the conversion of the world. I think every right thing we do, whether at home or abroad, hastens the time. You will excuse this letter, when you learn that I am nearly eighty years old."



### LEAFLETS OF W. B. M. I.

The following pamphlets and leaflets, issued by the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, can be obtained by applying to Secretary W. B. M. I., 75 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.:—

"Ten Years' Review," by Mrs. E. E. Humphrey, price 6 cents; "Literature of Missions," by Mrs. L. C. Purington, 5 cents a copy, 50 cents a dozen; "Parish of Fair Haven," by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, 5 cents a copy, 50 cents a dozen; "Tamil Women," by Mrs. H. K. Palmer, 5 cents a copy, 50 cents a dozen.

"The Unapplied Talent of the Women of our Churches," by Miss Mary Evans; "How to Manage a Missionary Society," by Mrs. S. J. Rhea; "Thanksgiving Ann." Each of the above 2 cents a copy, or 15 cents a dozen.

"The Baby's Money—what shall we do with it?" by Mrs. Carrie L. Post; "Shall we combine Home and Foreign Work?" "Woman's Boards—why they exist?" "Constitution for Mission Bands." 12 cents a dozen; single copies furnished gratuitously.

We also have on hand, "Historical Sketches of the Missions of the American Board," and pamphlets of Missionary Maps published by the A. B. C. F. M. The Historical sketches comprise eight pamphlets, as follows: Africa; Turkey; India and Ceylon; China; Japan; Sandwich Islands, Micronesia and Marquesas; North American Indians; Papal Lands. These sketches, also the Missionary Maps, are sold at 10 cents a copy, or the set of eight sketches for 25 cents



At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, Mrs. J. B. Leake was unanimously elected Treasurer, and all remittances should in future be addressed to her at 499 North La Salle Street, Chicago.

# RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR.

FROM NOVEMBER 15 TO DECEMBER 15, 1878.

MISS MARY E. GREENE, TREASURER, PRO TEM.

## OHIO BRANCH.

Mrs. M. B. Monroe, Akron, Treas.	
Akron.—Aux., for Miss Parmelee,	\$10 00
Andover, Aux.,	4 00
Brooklyn Village.—Aux., \$33;	
“Mead Family Missionary Society,” \$2.75,	35 75
Gambier.—Aux.,	10 00
Nelson.—Aux.,	5 00
Painesville.—Aux., for Miss Parsons,	50 00
Pittsfield.—Aux., of wh. for Miss Collins, \$25,	30 00
Ruggles.—Aux., \$13.15; Mission Band, \$6.26,	19 41
Saybrook.—Aux.,	13 00
Twinsburg.—Aux., for Miss Parmelee,	13 00
West Williamsfield.—Aux.,	14 00
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$204 16</b>

## INDIANA.

Indianapolis.—Mission Band of Mayflower Church,	\$5 41
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$5 41</b>

## MICHIGAN BRANCH.

Mrs. Geo. H. Lathrop, Jackson, Treas.	
Allegan.—1st Cong. Ch., for Armenia College,	\$10 00
Canandaigua.—Aux.,	3 00
Columbus.—Aux.,	2 11
Cooper.—Young Ladies' Union Missy Soc.,	12 00
East Saginaw.—Aux., for Miss Shattuck,	91 75
Michigan Center.—Aux.,	3 10
Sandstone.—Aux.,	12 70
Summit.—Aux.,	7 05
Waconsta.—Aux.,	8 00
Walton.—Aux.,	3 48
West Leroy.—Aux.,	7 79
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$160 98</b>

## ILLINOIS.

Blue Island.—Aux.,	\$5 00
Chicago.—Tabernacle Church, “Mothers' Meeting,”	75
Elgin.—Aux., for Miss Dudley,	5 40
Galoa.—Aux., for Miss Bliss,	6 25
Griggsville.—Aux.,	6 00
Hoyleton.—“Proceeds of sale of organ,”	35 00
La Moille.—Aux., of wh. \$25 from Mrs. Dr. Jones,	30 00
Ontario.—Cong. S. S., for pupil in Miss Chapin's school, at Peking,	25 00
Rockford.—1st Ch. Aux., for Miss Diamant,	21 00

Quincy.—Aux., for Miss Evans,	\$7 00
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$141 40</b>

## WISCONSIN BRANCH.

Mrs. R. Coburn, Whitewater, Treas.	
Alderly.—Aux., for Bible-reader near Cesarea,	\$6 50
Delavan.—Aux.,	59 30
Fond du Lac.—Aux., for Marash School,	45 45
Green Bay.—Pres. S. S., for Bridgman School,	15 00
Kenoska.—Aux., for Miss Calhoun, of Ft. Berthold,	22 00
Mt. Sterling.—Gay's Mills S. S.,	3 00
Platteville.—Aux.,	16 00
River Falls.—Aux.,	4 56
Wilnot.—“A family offering,”	5 00
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$176 81</b>

## IOWA.

Chester Center.—“Little Helpers,”	\$5 00
Glenwood.—Aux., of wh. \$3 from S. S. Missy concert,	6 00
Green Mountain.—“A thank-offering,”	10 00
Grinnell.—Cong. Ch. and Society, for Miss Hillis, \$69.85; Mrs. Magoun's S. S. class, \$1 10,	70 95
Keosauqua.—Aux., for Bible-reader,	6 00
Monticello.—Aux.,	2 85
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$100 80</b>

## MISSOURI BRANCH.

Mrs. J. H. Drew., St. Louis, Treas.	
Carthage.—Aux.,	\$4 00
Neosho.—Aux., for village school near Harpoot,	10 00
St. Louis.—1st Ch., Aux., \$1.25; “Sheaf Bearers,” \$1.65; Pilgrim Ch., Aux., \$8; 3d Cong. Ch., Aux., \$5.50,	16 40
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$30 40</b>

## COLORADO.

Denver.—Cong. S. S., for Manisa School,	\$30 00
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$30 00</b>

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Sale of envelopes and pamphlets,	\$8 09
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$8 09</b>
Total for the month,	\$858 05
Previously acknowledged,	721 66
<b>Total since Oct. 28, 1878,</b>	<b>\$1,579 71</b>





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